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A Memorial Tribute to Woodrow Wilson, 1924.

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER

"A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO WOODROW WILSON."

THE TEMPLE, SUNDAY MORNING.

FEBRUARY 10, 1924, CLEVELAND.

JOSEPH T. KRAUS
Shorthand
Reporter
CLEVELAND

On Wednesday last, on a bleak wintry

afternoon, a mournful procession followed all that was mortal of Woodrow Wilson to its last resting place. A simple funeral ^{service} chant marked the close of the earthly career of one whose active career ended more than three years ago, when a broken man returned to the White House from a tour of the country, during which ^{he} ~~this man~~ made his last magnificent, ^{but futile} appeal for ^{the acceptance of a program} ~~these ideals~~ whose supreme spokesman and champion he was.

After eight turbulent years Woodrow Wilson is at rest now. And what man is more deserving of rest? Destiny took this man from the quiet halls of study and threw him, (without much preparation for the fray,) into the very maelstrom of political life and into the very vortex of the greatest upheaval known to mankind.

Woodrow Wilson was a sensitive man, a man of delicate intellectual refinements, and ~~he was~~ ^{and cultural fastidiousness} therefore quick to be hurt and hurt to the quick, ~~where~~ ^{where} other men, more calloused, ~~more~~ ^{more} accustomed to the rough and tumble of political life, would have been left untouched and unmoved, ^{W. L.} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~scathed and~~ ^{scathed and} ~~scared.~~ ^{scared.} ~~Not alone did the events of these tremendous years try him~~ ^{would have tried} sorely, but ~~his~~ ^{his} very ~~sensitiveness,~~ ^{temperament and} the peculiar constitution of the man, ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~temperament,~~ made ~~these~~ ^{his} tribulations which were visited upon him doubly trying. And so now after life's fitful fever he sleeps well; among the soldiers whom

Little men have little aims and succeed in them.
Great men reach out for the stars and are destroyed.

Moses, on his knees streaming, his old, tired eyes to
catch a glimpse of the Promised Land which he would
never enter; Jesus, on the cross, crying out in the midst
of a dazzling world, Eli Eli lama zababani were
thoughtful ^{perfect} failures ~~to it~~ - but their defeat is the ^{divine} ~~divine~~ ^{which}
transfigures the human race.

with the little
he led, the bravest; among the victims of the war, the noblest; and among Americans of our day, the greatest.

I believe that one need not resort to an appraisal of the ^{W.W.'s} man's achievements, one need not weigh and measure the man's accomplishments, in order to feel justified in calling him great. Had Woodrow Wilson failed in everything he attempted to do, Woodrow Wilson would still find a place for himself among the immortals. Success and failure are not measures of a man's worth, of a man's effort, of a man's greatness. Every prophet is a failure, and the greater ^{his vision} the prophet the ^{more certain his} greater the failure. The greater the ideal we take into our lives the less likelihood is there that that ideal will ever be realized by us in our lifetime.

not the visible accomplishments, all the they are not remembered but
To my mind, it is the magnificence of the ^{Wilson} dream of this man, the sweep of his horizon, and the superb steadfastness of his purpose, the self-sacrificing loyalty to a ~~supreme~~ ^{him} selfless cause, which give ~~this man Wilson~~ his credentials to immortality. ~~But~~ Think back a moment to ^{the beginning of the war - 1914} which attacked the human mind. the confusion and the ~~chaos~~ ^{bewilderment} in human thought immediately after the beginning of the great war. In the midst of that veritable chaos of passions, ^{Chauvinism} and propaganda, and hate, this man alone held aloft the torch of reason, of wisdom and of love; and throughout the years of universal strife, when men ^{bitter} ~~had~~ ^{it was} and had sunk to the jungle ~~stages~~ ^{stages} of brutality and greed had lost their reason, this man alone, unswervingly, ^{+ confidently} undeviatingly, Gibraltar-like, held fast to a few simple, elemental, and therefore eternal, truths, And he died

think back to his days of agency in Paris, where
in the midst of that cynical breed of cunning
~~this lovely~~ schemers and diplomats the lackeys of decadent
reaction alone the Ben, Claudes, & Floyd (Jews) ⁱⁿ
the shadows who came to feed off the ^{caricatures} of vanquished =
the ^{under} of the ^{brood} ^{along} the ^{dreamer} of the
new day, and the ^{the} ^{the} of the ^{universe} ^{confront} ^{reconcile}
tion - publicly fanned upon privately contravention and
revolted - ~~gilded~~ ^{gilded} and ^{irrevocable}, compelled
to yield here and there, to sanction palpable
injustice and to compromise in order to save
his great ideal for mankind, and you
cannot fail to be impressed with the
superb moral ^{grandeur} of the way - in ^{the} ^{face} of
whose majestic ^{stature} ^{the} ^{other} ^{appears}
mere ^{also} ^{figures}.

It was great for his ^{own} ^{integrity},
his ^{own} ^{kind} ^{of} ^{work}. His ^{unyielding}

V.I. on -

then saw truth
holding ~~them~~ close to his bosom. *Why*, amidst those sinktraps of the old world, in Paris, in the company of the Clemenceaus and the Orlandos and the Lloyd Georges, with all the ghouls of medievalism who came there to the feast of the victors, this man alone stood four-square as an honest man, and in relation to his moral stature all the others appear pygmies. Ah, they got more than Wilson got, but they remain pygmies, just the same, while Wilson remains the magnificent champion of a cause which may fail a thousand times, but to which belongs the final victory.

I have often wondered during the past few years, when I thought of this man Wilson *as I have done* in his home in Washington, alone, prematurely old, physically crushed, knowing full well *but* the tide of his life was slowly ebbing, and seeing, too, that his vision was slowly dying among men,-- I have often wondered what thoughts passed through that mind; whether in his heart there was any bitterness against God or man; whether there was resentment there against the folly and the stupidity of human kind.

In reading through some of his papers I happened upon this *sentence* thought, which makes me believe that in the heart of Woodrow Wilson there was no bitterness and no resentment, ~~for~~ *very* early in life he had discovered a truth, a philosophy, which undoubtedly was his *main* ~~stay~~ *and* in the last twilight years of his life. He wrote this some ten years ago. "Do not blame others if they do not agree with you. Do not die with bitterness in your heart because you do not

and the man crawl and drag.

WRHS



convince the rest of the world, but die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul." Die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul. And if any man tried Woodrow Wilson tried; and if any man refused to sell his soul, Woodrow Wilson refused to sell his soul.

^{And} After all, what more can a man do ^{over} than ~~try~~? A man can ~~end~~ ^{own} his own life. He cannot ~~end~~ ^{over} the lives and the thoughts and the actions of other men, certainly not of the whole world. A man cannot move ^{so early} very far beyond the average moral grasp and judgment of the masses ~~about him~~. But that is no reason why a man should not try the ^{seemingly} impossible. "Thine is not the duty to complete the task. But neither art thou free to desist from it." ^{Wilson knew this. He knew that}

~~The fact that the task is colossal, seemingly impossible, is no excuse why you should not attempt the impossible.~~ ^{The man} Such a man who does not measure the success of his work by the degree of ^{its} popularity, by ^{the degree in which} how much he succeeded in convincing his fellowmen, ~~such a man~~ ^{the} who does not cater to popularity or to the whims and the moods ~~and~~ ^{of} ~~the ideas of the hour or the moment, but who leaves~~ ^{the man reaches} his soul to something that is abiding ~~and lasting~~, who identifies his destiny with some ~~supreme~~ purpose which is not transitory, ~~which is not passing~~, but which endures as long as man endures, such a man may well be content to leave the verdict concerning his life's efforts to posterity. And this Wilson knew full well.

whose first contribution to cent. may be said to have
been himself - the gift of a resplendent personality -
not sweetly intimate and broadly human like
that of Lincoln, nor ~~druggish~~ ^{by suggestion} and dynamic like that
of Roosevelt, but one of high moral purpose and
courage, intellectually consistent and integrated -
strong and open and true -
an object of pride and inspiration to all the
dreamers of humanity in the ages to come -

In the light of this major objective, at least
during the war, appears sound, true and
consistent

In one of his earlier addresses he writes, "I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country, with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and his final verdict. If I did not believe that I would not believe in democracy. If I did not believe that I would not believe that people can govern themselves. If I did not believe that the moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment, in the minds of men, as well as the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular government. But I do believe these things, and therefore I earnestly believe in the democracy, not alone of America but of every awakened people that wishes and intends to govern and control its own affairs."

That is the faith which sustained him.

- ✓ One cannot say now what history will say of Woodrow Wilson a generation hence. One could not in 1864 prognosticate what men would say of Abraham Lincoln in 1924. But of a few facts I am certain: I am certain that history will assign a place of prominence to Woodrow Wilson, for these things: first, his course of action during the Great War. I believe that Mr. Wilson's course of action and program since 1914 was sound and wise and consistent. When the war broke out Mr. Wilson counseled neutrality, and wisely. The war began as a war between imperialistic governments, in which war America had no part to play whatsoever, except

it be the role of a peacemaker and a mediator. ~~And so~~
Woodrow Wilson advised his fellow countrymen to desist from
passionate feelings in this war, to be neutral in thought,
in speech and in action; to hold themselves in reserve for
that ^{great moment} ~~superb~~ part which was bound to come--that ~~of offering~~ ^{to them}
~~the good offices of a peacemaker to the belligerents.~~ And
up to within two months of our declaration of war against
Germany, Woodrow Wilson never for one moment lost sight of
this fact. When the submarine campaign began, the first
manifestation of German stupidity, Woodrow Wilson reasoned
with the German government, counseled ^{U.S.} ~~them~~, warned ^{H.S. Gov} ~~them~~,
hoping against hope that American rights would not be
invaded, and the lives of neutral non-combatants would not
be endangered, so that America could keep herself free
from the European mess, ^{free for service and helpfulness}
^{hard task}
In 1916 when the ^{new found} ~~possibility~~ of remaining
neutral became ~~even more~~ difficult, Woodrow Wilson began to
prepare for the eventuality of war. Even while his warlike
preparations were going on, he waited and hoped for peace.
You will recall that in December, 1916, he sent a communica-
tion to all the belligerent powers asking them upon what
terms they would make peace, and ^{upon the receipt of their replies} ~~they replied,~~ and on the 22nd
of January, 1917, ^{just} a little over two months before the
declaration of war, Woodrow Wilson delivered his famous
message to Congress, ^{in which he} calling upon the belligerents to make
peace, ~~and suggesting~~ ^{the} terms upon which a universal and
lasting peace could be constructed. ~~In that memorable~~

address he laid down the principle that this war must not end in another balance of power, that this war must resolve in something constructive which will make future wars impossible.

In this address he outlined the three basic principles upon which peace was to be built, those three principles which a year later he developed into his Fourteen Points, namely, the self-determination of all peoples,

great and small; the freedom of the seas; and the limitation of armaments, *In that speech too* *The advocacy of* and it was then that he began to advocate a

~~feasible~~ association of nations. That was, remember, on

the 22nd of January, 1917. Nine days later the second *evidence* manifestation of German stupidity *was made manifest,* appeared. Something

happened in Berlin during those nine fateful days; there was a change of control, and on the 31st of January word was

sent broadcast from Berlin that ~~the~~ unrestricted submarine *warfare* ~~campaign~~ *would be resumed* was to be begun anew, and three days later, on

February the 3rd, diplomatic relations with Germany were severed.

So that almost to the very day when we declared war this prince of peace sought every avenue open to him; not alone to keep the United States out of war--that was only part of his program--but to enable the United States to play the ~~supreme~~ role of peace maker in the councils of nations. But on January the 31st, 1917, that truth which had been borne in upon him throughout the preceding year became revealed in all its clarity. The German government

unyielding
unshakable and ^{unrelentably} ~~defiant~~

Once his objection ^{became} ~~was~~ clear, he pursued it
logically ^{rightly} to the end. He led Am into war.
Am never fought a war selfless - prompted
by a more disinterested purpose. No people
since the begin. Time entered a war with
such pure ^{humanitarian} intentions - so selfless and I might
add, so quite less. I do not mean to say however
that there were no scoundrels who profited from our
enthusiasm and the war - who worked and plotted for their
partisans. But the vast masses, the people - in such
chang can truly be made. There was a real apostolic
revival spirit abroad in the land - kindled by
the burning faith and matchless war - messages of the
Man Wilson.

The day the war was won - the armistice was signed, W. was
at his zenith. His principle had triumphed. They had been
accepted as the basis of the armistice. He was in light of the
Byzantine band. But like the first emperor - he never entered
it - nor have we, we are still in the wilderness. The
day W. returned from Versailles with that watched
Peace Treaty he was at the nadir of his decline.

was in the control of a group of ruthless, ~~military~~ power — drunk Prussians, a group which must be dislodged, ~~which must be crushed~~, if his program is to have a chance. And so from that day on until the termination of the war he called upon his countrymen to fight not the German people, not the Austrian people--peoples for whom he had expressed supreme regard and supreme compassion in their misery, ~~but he~~ ~~called upon his countrymen to destroy this Prussianism~~ ^{the} ~~which was a~~ festering wound in the body politic of the whole civilized world; and once he had seen his road clear, then he pursued it to the end. ~~Force to the utmost! Crush it!~~

When the pope, in August, 1917, issued his famous appeal for peace on the basis of arbitration, Wilson replied, "No, we cannot make peace with a government so untrustworthy, so intriguing, so imperialistic as the Prussian government. Let the people of Germany speak; let the popular voice be heard; let them express themselves in revolution, if need be. Then we will make peace with them." ~~And so on to November, 1918, when the armistice was signed.~~

- ① The day the armistice was signed Wilson was at his zenith of power, of ^{and his} popularity; he was acclaimed as the messiah of the world. And from the day of the armistice to the day the treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, Wilson's star began to fade; Wilson's power began to wane. ~~Of~~, of course he was, in a sense, responsible for much that happened. Every leader must assume responsibility for much that happens. There was a good deal in his temperament, we

more vast errors in judgement. One need not now
catalogue them. Perhaps his ^{most fatal} ~~greatest~~ error was the
one he himself ^{must have} ~~recognized~~ early in the war. He knew
that there could be no peace - in a peace without victory.
Pax inter pares. He knew that the Am. would not endorse a
peace based on victory. And yet driven by untransigent
Puritanism, he led the country into war - which meant victory
for the allies - it undoubtedly hopes that in this instance things
would be different. Am. postwar would guarantee a just
peace. But his logic in Jan. 1917 was ^{irrefragable} ~~irrefragable~~ ^{of the} ~~of the~~
which in 1919. ^{was vain} ~~was vain~~ We entered war - we even the potential
know of the allies. After the armistice, we were just
one of a dozen nations who use the arm. & the one which
entered last.



Wells' 2nd contrib. to world war his contribution to the
ideology, the war.

The war began in iniquity. It began as a struggle
between imperialistic squashes.

know, that made his task infinitely needlessly difficult.

He ^{made} ~~did~~ make some very grave tactical errors, ^{He failed} but if he failed, as he did fail, in many of the major objectives, the failure is as much the world's failure, ~~and America's failure, and the failure of Congress and the people of the United States as it is Woodrow Wilson's.~~

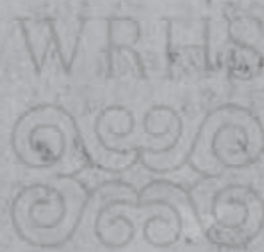
The world was not ready for him. ^{The end, the war, found America} ~~was not ready for him.~~ But the world will come to him,

^{Green} ~~and America will seek him.~~ ^{He wanted not chartered but elected as rats - and it thought democracy - by people} Woodrow Wilson's vision of an association of free peoples - ^{dominated by} not an association of a few victorious, allied powers, ^{to which was added his vision - which has been} but an association of independent ^{all to} free peoples - Wilson's dream of international law and

international comity, Wilson's dream of the self-determination of all peoples, ^{will endure.} ~~can wait.~~ The world may yet have to

wade through many seas of blood before it arrives at that ^{Salvation} light house, but that lighthouse will be there, beckoning them, beckoning them to safety and to peace.

I believe that is Wilson's first claim to greatness--the consistency, the wisdom, the soundness of his war policy; and, secondly, I believe his claim to greatness is based also on this: that he gave the war a moral definition. ^{2nd} (I said a moment ago that) ~~the war began as a struggle between empire building and exploiting powers. Wilson with a spiritual dexterity and a superb intellectual acumen at once sought to reinterpret the struggle, to give it a new meaning definition, to give it a soul, to give it a moral purpose, which did not, up to his entrance into the conflict, exist.~~

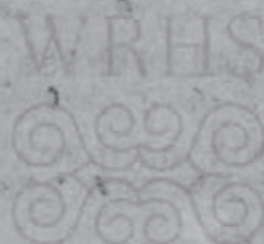


This is US 2nd contribution to civilization -
the preparing inter. peace which to evolve during
and as a result of the war - which the alt. world
is an essential part - It is just real Am. spirit
contribution to Europe & that of world. not selfish.
No emancipating slave -

Woodrow Wilson sought to raise the war upon a higher plane,
to make it not a struggle for markets and oil fields, and for
the hinterlands and spheres of influence; not a struggle
between Germany and England for supremacy; not a struggle
for a new balance of power, but Wilson tried to make this
struggle, which cost so much of human blood and tears, which
demanded the multitudinous sacrifices of God's beautiful
children, -- this holocaust, this calamity, -- Wilson sought to
give it a meaning and a mission and a purpose. And so he
said this war must be a war to end wars, this war must be a
war for democracy; this war must be a war to liberate the
enslaved, to knock off the shackles, to emancipate them, and
to bring them together; having sloughed off the prejudices
and the passions and the antipathies of the ages, to bring
them together in intelligent cooperation, in a cooperative
effort for mutual well being.

Of course, he failed in it. There, too, the
world was not ready for him. But the vision which he held
aloft to mankind will never again be dimmed. The marvelous
thing about an ideal is that once it is expressed, once it
is projected, it can never be denied, nor hidden, nor
crushed. It will assert itself. And W. made it real the
first time - the lasting bases of peace. And again, here and
there, in the most unexpected places, it will call and
challenge and demand until the rest is ready to accept it.

And this ideal which Wilson set up during the
war of democracy, real democracy, will guide the groping,
stumbling, confused and troubled peoples of the world in the



is to be found in his effort to preserve the noble
traditions of Jew. life

years to come.

And his third claim to greatness, I believe, is this: that even as he advocated a league of nations - and he was not the first to advocate a league of nations - he gave to his advocacy a peculiar note, unto the content of his league a new significance. You cannot have a league of peoples as the world is constituted today, or in his day. You cannot have a league of voluntary cooperation among peoples when there are victors and victims, oppressors and oppressed; when the righteous claims of each people, great or small, have not been acknowledged. And so Wilson, as a preparation for his goal, the league, demanded self-determination for each people, and the right to extend an avenue to the high seas. Every people has a right to live a life not only within its narrow present confines, but to expand and grow as nature and its own will power prompt it to expand and grow.

Ah, but that was sacrificed to Versailles. But if ever the world is to have ultimate peace, it will have to come back humbly to these main doctrines of Woodrow Wilson.

And lastly, I think Wilson's ~~claim to greatness~~ ^{claim to greatness} is that he understood America, and gave superb expression to ~~the vigor~~ ^{the} to the spiritual hardihood, ~~to the~~ ^{and} innate idealism of American life. You who have read his New Freedom know what I mean, and you who have read his addresses during the war and since the war know exactly what

I mean. Wilson had a vision of America. To him America was more than a land with a hundred millions of inhabitants; it was a spiritual something; it was a moral force, and he endeavored to focus and make that moral force tell.

In one of his great addresses he says this of America, "We may dream that as the years go on and the world knows more and more of America, it will also drink at these fountains of youth and renewal." This was to be a land flowing with fresh, sweet waters, fountains of youth and renewal for the world." "And that it will also turn to America for those moral expressions which lie at the basis of all freedom; that the world will never fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in some enterprise which is inconsistent with the rights of humanity, and that America will come into the full light of the day when all shall know that she puts human rights above all other rights, and that her flag is not only the flag of America but of humanity."

And he understood the composite character of American life. He was not a quota American; and he, unlike the present incumbent of the presidency of the United States, did not raise that confusing and dangerous cry of America for Americans. In 1915 Woodrow Wilson vetoed an immigration bill which was much less stringent and much more liberal than our present immigration bill. He vetoed it on the ground that admission to America must be exclusively on the basis of quality and character - not even on the

basis of literacy or previously enjoyed opportunities.
This land he believed - ~~and he was an American of the~~
~~soil~~ - "must remain the home of the free spirits of the
earth, the refuge for all the denied and the oppressed of
the earth - a united people." This is an address to
naturalized citizens. "My earnest advice to you would be
not only always to think first of America, but always also
to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if
you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity
can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by
justice; not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the
man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions
of his fellowmen. He has lost the touch and ideal of
America; for America was created to unite mankind by those
passions which lift, and not by the passions which separate
and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in
the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men,
to make them see finer things than they have seen before,
to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of
the things that unite. It was but an historical accident,
no doubt, that this great country was called the United
States; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United"
in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man,
group from group, interest from interest in this great
union, is striking at its very heart."

There is the author's own saying of the author, about
~~Can it be much more plain, a much more~~
than the word chosen -
~~appropriate word spoken in this our day? He was a broad~~

American, a big American, a man who championed the cause of every group and every people; a man who showed his moral courage in the appointment of a Jew to the Supreme Court of the United States, against the rumblings and the grumblings and the intimidations of the powers of darkness; a man that championed the cause of the oppressed Jew at Versailles; a man that championed the cause of every oppressed people - a great American!

Now he is dead, and ^{the} ~~this~~ people stands before his newly closed grave, humble, sorrowing, but, to my mind, ^{with a} ~~the~~ prayer of gratitude on its lips. ~~For~~ we are grateful that such a man as Woodrow Wilson lived among us and moved among us. We are grateful that in the dark days, which fortunately are now ^{past} ~~in back~~ of us, Providence sent us a man whose vision was clear, whose faith was dauntless, whose idealism was steadfast; grateful that here a second time America, in an hour of need, was able to ^{put forward} ~~project and~~ ~~send forth~~ a leader, strong, wise and understanding.

God was good to us in having given us Woodrow Wilson.

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1. On Wed. last a mournful procession followed all that was mortal of W. W. to his last resting place. A simple funeral chant marked the close of the ^{orator's} earthly career of one whose active career was ended 3 years ago when a broken man returned to the White House from ^{the country} ^{where} he waged his last great ^{struggle} appeal of his to his countrymen for those ^{where} ~~where~~ the greatest spokesman & champion he was -

2. He is at rest now - and who was more deserving rest than he, whom destiny had summoned from the quiet halls of study to the marketplace of pol. life & into the vortex of the greatest upheaval known to mankind. By nature a retiring man accustomed to the seclusion of the study, rather than the tumult of legislative halls, a sensitive man, ^{of intellect & refinement} ~~guiltless~~ to be hurt and hurt to the quick by unjust criticism and unfair insinuations - he ~~was~~ was prone to suffer, where others were calloused to the rough & tumble of pol. life, would have been unmoved. After life's fullest given he sleeps well, - & all the nations he led - the bravest; & all the war-victims - the noblest; & all Americans - the truest.

3. One need not resort to an appraisal of W's contin-
to end, to weigh & measure his achievements in
order to pay him the tribute meet for the great. He may
have failed in all he sought to achieve, and yet
~~some way present~~ ^{with} his dream, and ~~the~~ head.
just ^{well} his purpose that were such as to place him
among the immortals. The prophets of man-
kind were failures - all. The higher the vision -
the greater ^{the} certain was failure. In a world of
blind counsel W. held steadily aloft the torch of
wisdom & love. His hand never faltered. The torch
was kindled from his hand — among the
~~self interested~~ ^{disinterested} ~~figures~~ ^{spirits} of the old world - the Courtiers,
diplomats, conspirators - the best of judges, blinded,
Chancellors - he alone stood forth ^{everywhere} as a man!
Who raised the cry of Chaucer - Dante - true
humanity - The moral stature of the man made
them all appear pigmies - In him lived
the spirit, hardhearted & keen, fierce logic expression
- its human faith - its undimmed idealism -
W.W. will live - as long as this faith nourished
with his life's blood lives - as long ^{wherever} as men

His contribution to ideology was - Ultraracism - Failed in that too. But note we succeeded - & who knows but what it will be heard & seen!

(3) Self-determination. Started as imperialism - sovereignty of every cultural group in Europe now Chauvinism - will cool down.

(1) League Band on independent countries -

(4) America: Joint People. New freedom - Ultraracism. ^{enter into} ^{disturb} ^{about 9 people}

Int 93 (1) Ultraracism, America p. 93-4 - on the latter in our
(2) Immigration. Jan. 1915. Vethed Bell. No
justa. Literary Test - & Refugees - "only
test is character & quality -

Int 150 (3) United America. p. 150-151
(4) A long-bowed man - Brandeis - Palestine.

- III. Nine days late. German challenge. 12 days late. sever relations.
- IV. Armed neutrality
- V. Call to war. April 2, 1917.
- VI. War against int. bad people. - Revolution Prussian -
- VII. Once having gone into it - pursued it to end. Aug. 1917. Pope -

b. He failed, of course, to carry thru his program - many factors contributed - not the least his own temperament and his own tactical errors -

① The world not ready for it. Being honest himself that others were - Secret Treachery - He could not cope with them ② Am. was not ready. He did not appeal to cooperation - ③ He did not know how to work with Congress - but the failure was a much the ruler's failure as his! ④ His gift + imagination + statecraft

D. Gave moral definition to World War - Made a beautiful thing out of masses - spiritual dexterity + pherom. intell acumen - Caught new skin sap creek

(b) Dec. 1914. Annual Address to Congress. Expresses
"It is our dearest present hope. — (Justo)"

(c) In May, 1915. — Ger. stupidity had begun
submarine — to make the way so hard. Lusitania.

"Too proud to fight" — Am. hope, would —

(d) In Jan. Feb 1916. Series of Addresses —
Possibly & maintaining neutral, less likely.

(Justo) "So far I have done so etc — Hon.
Reparations."

(e) In Apr. 1916. first warning & breaking
dipl. relations. In May. Ger. promise
to be good.

II Applies himself to working out Terms
of Peace. May 1916. "Assonation, Nation"

(1) Jan. 22 - 1917. His great bid for Peace.
after reading note in Dec. to belated

War must not result in new balance —
a lasting Peace. "Peace without Victory."

I. Self defense. II Freedom, for III. Just taking time.
which a year later slips into 14 principles.

II A Universal House of Representatives —

6. Such a man, who serves a great cause, catering
neither to popularity nor the whims & predilections of
the hour - who reverts his destiny to a mighty
purpose - can well afford to leave the final verdict
& appraisal of his life's effort to posterity. W.
was frankly convinced of it. Just p. 113

7. One cannot say now what Huxley will say of W.
a generation hence - no man ^{in 1864} could predict
of men would say hundreds in 1924. But of a
few things I am absolutely certain. In Apr. 13
1919 - I paid a tribute to W.W. - unlike ^{many} other Com.
I did not wait till his death to praise him - I
expressed the truth then - that his position in
history is assured for all things. I see no
reason why I need alter my judgment now!

① His course of action throughout the great war was
sound, consistent and wise -

Aug. 1914 (a) Neutrality - against passionately taking sides -
Think first of Am. Then interest - "The Mediator"
- Influence in Peace. People drawn from many nations

dream of inter-peace & justice.

4. I often wondered as I thought of what that must be facing then the mind of this prematurely old & physically crushed man as he sat there alone with his memories knowing full well that the tide of his life was slowly ebbing & his vision dying among men. Was he disillusioned? Was there bitterness in his heart at the folly & stupidity of men, and at the injustice of it all. But in reading an address he delivered in 1914 I happened upon these lines and I perceived that he had discovered a faith which would save him from being embittered & disillusioned. He stood firm in good stead in his hour of tribulation -

just

"You cannot go beyond the average moral judgment of the mass."

5. After all, all that a man can do is try. He can command his ^{own} troops & actions. He cannot command the forces of the world - He cannot lead when the world refuses to follow - That does not absolve him of the duty of leadership however. Vol. 216. 68

Drmon 139

Woodrow Wilson's Contribution To Civilization

A TRIBUTE

—BY—

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER



THE TEMPLE
CLEVELAND, OHIO

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WOODROW WILSON'S CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION

A TRIBUTE

RABBI ABBA H. SILVER

A few weeks ago, on a bleak wintry afternoon, a mournful procession followed all that was mortal of Woodrow Wilson to his last resting place. A simple funeral service marked the close of a career whose activity had ended three years before, when a broken man returned to the White House from a tour of the land during which he made his last magnificent, but futile plea for a program of world reconstruction, whose chief spokesman and champion he was.

After eight turbulent years, Woodrow Wilson is now at rest. And what man was more deserving of rest? Destiny took this man from the quiet halls of study, and hurled him, without much preparation for the fray, into the very maelstrom of an intense political life, into the vortex of the greatest upheaval known to mankind.

Woodrow Wilson was a sensitive man; a man of intellectual refinement, a man of cultural delicacy; a man, therefore, quick to be hurt, and hurt to the quick. Where other men more accustomed to the rough and tumble of political life would have remained unmoved and untouched, Woodrow Wilson was rasped and scarred. The events of those tremendous years would have tried any man sorely; but a man of the peculiar temperament and disposition of Wilson was doubly tried. And now, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,—among the soldiers he led into battle—the bravest, among the martyrs of the war, the noblest, among the Americans of his day, the greatest.

I believe, friends, that one need not appraise Woodrow Wilson's accomplishments, one need not gauge the man's actual achievements in order to feel justified in calling him great. I venture to say, that if Woodrow Wilson had failed in every-

thing he had undertaken to do, he would still find a place for himself among the immortal.

The true greatness of a man is not to be measured in terms of success or failure. Little men seek out little ambitions and little aims and achieve them; they are successful. But great men reach out for the stars—and are destroyed. Every prophet was a failure, and the greater the vision of the prophet, the more certain was his failure. Moses on top of Mount Nebo, straining his old tired eyes to catch a glimpse of the Promised Land into which he could not enter, Jesus upon the cross crying out in the midst of a darkening world, "Eli Eli lama sabachthani—My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" were the world's greatest failures; but their defeat is of a quality which transfigures the life of humankind.

To my mind, it is not the visible, concrete achievements of the man Wilson—although these were not inconsiderable—it is not the definite accomplishments, but rather the magnificence of his dream, the sweep of his horizon, the steadfastness of his purpose, the sacrificial loyalty and consecration to a selfless cause which give Woodrow Wilson his credentials to immortality.

Think back for a moment with me, think back to the beginning of the war, to the confusion and the bewilderment which attacked the mind of the human race. In the midst of that chaos of passion and hate, of propaganda and Chauvinism, Wilson alone in the high places of the world held aloft the torch of reason, and of wisdom, and of love; and during those terribly bitter years of struggle when men seemed to have lost their reason, and when the race descended to the jungle standards of brutality, he alone, unswervingly, undeviatingly, confidently, held fast to just a few simple, elemental, and therefore, eternal truths. And after those eight tempestuous years, which tried his soul, and searched his reins, and racked and broke him—he remained steadfast—still hugging the same few simple, elemental truths lovingly to his bosom. That is a magnificent picture to inspire the dreamers of the earth for generations to come!

Think back with me to Wilson's days of agony in Paris, where in the midst of a cynical group of

cunning schemers and diplomats, all the lackeys of decadent nationalism, all the ghouls which came to feed off the carcasses of the beaten and the vanquished—think of him there alone, an honest man, almost incongruous because of the men about him, the only idealist, the only prophet, dreaming of universal reconciliation and concord and forgiveness; alone, publicly fawned upon, privately thwarted and mocked; alone, worried and fretted, compelled to yield and to make compromises, compelled to accept palpable injustices, because of his eagerness to save for mankind his dream, his vision. Think of him there, and you cannot help but be impressed with the magnificent moral grandeur of this man against whose superb stature all the others—the Clemenceaus, the Orlandos, and the Lloyd Georges,—appear as miserable pygmies, moral incompetents.

I have often asked myself whenever I thought of Woodrow Wilson these last few years (and I thought of him often) just what thoughts were passing through his mind there alone in his home in Washington—prematurely old, physically crushed, knowing full well that the tide of his life was slowly ebbing, and that his vision, for the time at least, was dying among men. Was there any bitterness in his soul against God and man? Was there any resentment there against the folly and the stupidity of the human race?

In reading some of his papers, I happened upon a sentence which leads me to think that in the heart of Woodrow Wilson there was no bitterness, and no resentment. Very early in life he discovered a truth which undoubtedly must have been his prop and his mainstay in the twilight years of his life. Here is the simple truth. I will read it to you:

“Do not blame others if they do not agree with you; do not die with bitterness in your heart because you did not convince the rest of the world. But die happily because you believe you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul.”

And if any man tried, Woodrow Wilson tried, and if any man did not sell his soul, Woodrow Wilson did not sell his soul. What more can a man do, after all? A man can only own his own soul,

—and that with great difficulty. A man cannot own the souls of other men; a man cannot control the thoughts and the actions of other men. No leader, however great and inspired, can lead mankind much beyond the average moral grasp of the masses; and the masses are so tragically, so heart-breakingly slow and dragging—they crawl!

No man, however, is justified in relinquishing a task because the task is seemingly impossible. A great sage of my people once said, "Thine is not the duty to complete the task, but neither art thou free to desist from it." Wilson knew that, and Wilson also knew that if a man will not measure the value of his work by the amount of popularity which it inspires, if a man will not cater to the whims and the moods of the masses, if a man will but rivet his soul to something which is abiding, if a man will identify his destiny with a universal cause which is not transitory, but which is as enduring and lasting as mankind itself, that such a man can well afford to wait upon posterity to pass judgment upon the value and the merit of his service. He knew it, and by that faith he lived.

Let me read you this sentence coming from his own lips so that you may understand him the better:

"I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and his final verdict. If I did not believe that, I would not believe in Democracy; if I did not believe that, I would not believe that people can govern themselves; if I did not believe that the moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment in the minds of men as well as at the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular Government. But I do believe these things, and therefore, I earnestly believe in the Democracy, not alone of America, but of every awakened people that wishes and intends to govern and control its own affairs."

That was the faith of Woodrow Wilson.

I believe Wilson's first contribution to civilization was therefore—himself, his own resplendent

personality. It wasn't the personality of an Abraham Lincoln, warm and intense with human kindness; it wasn't the personality of Roosevelt, dynamic and ruggedly aggressive; but it was the personality of Woodrow Wilson, unique unto itself, a personality of spiritual and moral integrity, of intellectual consistency, of strength and firmness, of confidence and calmness.

Every dreamer in the years to come everywhere who finds his task too burdening and almost hopeless, who seems to be lost in the mazes and in the perplexities of life—every man afraid of his dream, may look to Woodrow Wilson, and receive strength and hope from him, who aspired to the stars and was crushed, but whose name and personality will live in the "firmament of memory".

I believe that his second great contribution to civilization was his contribution to the ideology of the war. I believe that Woodrow Wilson gave a moral definition to the great war. The war began in iniquity; the war began as a struggle between imperialistic dynasties; the war began in the good old fashioned European way, a Godless war on all sides. Woodrow Wilson, with a spiritual dexterity and an intellectual acumen and sagacity, tried to translate the war, to read a meaning and a purpose into it which did not exist until then. He tried by sheer force of will and faith to raise the war to a higher level.

This war, he declared, must not terminate in a peace which was to be breathing space for another war. This was to be a war, not for markets, and oil fields, and hinterlands, and spheres of influence; not for a new balance of power; this war was not to decide which is to be the economic aggressor for the next generation, England or Germany. This was to be a war, so he said, so he hoped, to end war; a war for Democracy, a war to liberate the enslaved and the denied peoples of the earth and to restore them to their patrimony. This was to be a Holy Crusade for a new freedom. This was to be a war which would slough off all the antipathies, rivalries, and prejudices of peoples, and bring them together in voluntary cooperative effort for their common welfare. This was to be

the last war of a dying civilization. It was to usher in the new day and the new civilization.

Now, from the point of view of this major objective which was from the beginning in the mind of Woodrow Wilson, his course throughout the war, I believe was wise, and sound, and consistent. The war began, as I said, as a war between imperialistic powers, a war in which America had no part to play except the part of a mediator and a peacemaker when the time would come. And so, Woodrow Wilson counseled his country men to hold to neutrality in speech and thought and action; to refrain from passionate partisanship, to keep themselves in readiness for the great opportunity of peacemaker which he felt was destined to come, and he remained true to the ideal of America's mission of peace, almost to the very end.

He held true to that vision to within twelve days of our declaration of war. When Germany launched its first submarine campaign, Wilson reasoned with the German Government, counseled it, threatened it, hoping against hope that the rights of neutrals would not be invaded, and that the lives of neutral noncombatants would not be endangered. And when in 1916 the task of remaining neutral was becoming less and less possible, Woodrow Wilson began to prepare for the eventuality of war. Even then, as the preparations were progressing, Woodrow Wilson worked, and slaved, and sweated to bring about peace. As late as December 1916, he sent a note to the belligerents asking them upon what terms they would make peace, and when he received their replies, he delivered in January, 1917, just two months before we declared war on Germany, the memorable address in Congress, which to my mind marks the peak of Wilson's intellectual power, calling upon the nations of the world engaged in this struggle to make peace.

He defined the terms upon which a lasting peace could be made: peace without victory, peace based upon the three principles which he later elaborated into his fourteen points—self-determination of all peoples, freedom of the sea, limitation of armaments. He also advanced his hope of a 'feasible association of nations' to guarantee the peace of the world. That was in January 1917. Nine days

later, on the 31st day of January, Germany announced the resumption of the unrestricted submarine campaign. Something happened in those nine fateful days in Berlin, a change in the control of Government, perhaps, and four days later we severed diplomatic relations with Germany. On the 31st day of January, 1917, the truth was finally made clear to Wilson, that if his program of universal reconciliation was to have any chance whatever in the world, he must crush—the world must crush—that power-maddened, intransigent, intractable, unyielding and uncompromising Prussianism which was the festering wound in the body politic of Europe. And he called upon his fellow men to enter the war, not against Germany, not against Austria—he had extreme sympathy for these suffering peoples who were themselves burdened with a militarism which was sapping their spiritual and moral vitality—but against junkerdom, to uproot this entrenched privilege class which was keeping all Europe an armed camp. When once his objective became clear to him, he called for, "Force to the utmost."

Woodrow Wilson led the American people into the war. America never fought a more selfless war; America never fought a more disinterested war. There isn't an instance in the whole history of mankind, from the beginning of time to the present, when a nation entered a war on motives as purely altruistic and idealistic as this American nation did in 1917.

Oh, I know there were many scoundrels who profited from the war. I know there were many ghouls who fed off the misery of mankind, who wanted us to get into the war, who worked to have us get into the war. But of the people as a whole, this cannot be truthfully said. We entered the war in an apostolic, evangelistic, revivalistic spirit, a spirit which was kindled by the fiery faith and the matchless war messages of Woodrow Wilson.

On the day the war was won and the Armistice was signed, Woodrow Wilson was at the zenith of his power. The world had accepted his fourteen principles as a basis for the Armistice. Wilson and mankind were within sight of the promised land,

but like Moses of old, Wilson was never destined to enter the promised land. Nor have we. We are still in the wilderness.

When Wilson returned in 1919 from his second visit to Paris, bringing with him that wretched document which was called a Treaty of Peace, he was at the nadir, at the lowest declension of his power. Between November 1918 and June or July 1919, stretched the long arid waste, the Via Dolorosa, the dolorous road of frustration and disillusionment for Woodrow Wilson and for mankind. He had failed in his major objectives. His friends had forsaken him; his own country denied him. He had failed. I suppose that much of the failure must be attributed to Woodrow Wilson himself. A leader must accept much of the responsibility for the success or failure of his program. He failed. He committed many tragic errors of tact and of judgment.

Perhaps his greatest error was one which he himself must have been aware of. In January 1917, he declared that there could be no lasting peace as long as there are victors and vanquished. The only enduring peace is a peace between equals. The victor is always greedy, and the vanquished is always resentful, and out of such sentiments no enduring peace can be built. He also said that the American people would never consent to such a peace, and he was right—in 1917, as he discovered in 1919. He hoped, however, that in this instance things would be different. He was driven into the war, and our entrance into the war spelt the victory of the Allies. There were to be victors and there were to be vanquished, but he hoped that in this particular instance, our moral prestige would guarantee a real peace. But his logic in 1917 was infallible, and therefore his hope in 1919 was vain.

Before the signing of the Armistice we were the potential saviours of the Allied Powers. After the signing of the Armistice we were just one among a half dozen victorious nations and the one that came in last and made the least sacrifice. So that our voice did not have the same ring of authority which it had when we were needed desperately by the Allied Powers.

He failed. But the failure is as much the world's failure as Woodrow Wilson's. The world wasn't ready for him. He didn't fail because his ideals were false, because his promises were wrong, and his conclusions faulty. He failed because mankind had not disciplined itself up to him. The world denied him; the very masses upon whom he counted, the masses who hailed him as a saviour, turned against him snarling whenever he attempted to take away from them some privilege, some strip of territory, something which they thought they would like to have but which did not belong to them.

But Wilson can wait. His ideals can wait. The world may have to wade through many a sea of blood before it comes to the shore of Safety and Peace of which he spoke and to which he pointed. His dream of a League of Free Nations—not that miserable affair, that emaciated League, which came out from the Paris conference, that League which America did well not to enter, but the League of which Wilson, in his heroic days, dreamt and spoke, a League not of victors intent upon the perpetuation of the status quo, but a League of free peoples, each confirmed in its independence, uniting in free will and good will for a common purpose—that League will yet come to pass. It may be that we shall have to wait long for it, and it may be that we shall not have to wait very long for it. A few more revisions of the Treaty of Versailles made inevitable by the economic collapse of the victors, a few more revisions of the League program, a few more Ramsey MacDonalds in the Chancelleries of the world, and a few less of Poincares and Mussolinis, and there is no reason why the United States should not enter this fellowship of nations.

His League can wait; his ideal can wait. The potency and the virtue of an ideal is this: That once it is expressed forcibly and clearly at a critical time when the thought of the world is centered upon it, it can never again be denied. It may have to bide its time, but at some time or other, it will surge to the surface challenging, calling, demanding, until it is acknowledged by men.

And so I say Woodrow Wilson's second contribution to civilization is that superb program of in-

ternational reconciliation culminating in an ultimate association of free nations, which he evolved and perfected. I regard this, my friends, as America's first contribution to Europe, America's first spiritual contribution to Europe.

We were the last among great nations to emancipate the slaves, and we were not the first among nations to establish a Republic; but we are the first since the beginning of time to have given unto mankind this institution—this League of nations, imperfect, faulty, but nevertheless existing and real,—of nations dwelling together in comity and uniting within a definite organization for common wellbeing. This, to my mind, is the first great spiritual contribution which the American people have made to civilization, and Woodrow Wilson made it, not because of us, but in spite of us. He spoke for the genius of America, when we were silent.

And lastly, I believe Woodrow Wilson's contribution to civilization is the fine definition he gave to the role which America must play in the world, not particularly at this time, and not during the war, but for all time. In that he was true to the noble tradition of Lincoln and Jefferson, and Washington. Wilson had a vision of America; he understood its soul. To him, America was more than country and an aggregate of 110,000,000 people. It was a tool in the hands of God. Let me quote his words rather than mine, for his are more forceful and more perfect:

"My dream is that as the years go on and the world knows more and more of America, it will also drink at this Fountain of Youth and renewal, and that it will also turn to America for these moral inspirations which lie at the basis of all freedom. The world will never fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in some enterprise which is inconsistent with the rights of humanity, and that America will come into the full light of the day when all shall know that she puts human rights above all other rights, and that her flag is the flag, not only of America, but of humanity."

Woodrow Wilson was a big American and a broad American. He was not a quota American. Woodrow Wilson understood the composite char-

acter of the American people, and derived, not hopelessness and fear and suspicion from that fact, but inspiration for his dream of America as the work-shop of God. A new type of manhood was being fashioned here. Because of our composite character, because we were able to understand more accurately the needs and the prejudices, the likes and the dislikes of the world, because we had no ingrown prejudices of our own, because we were not weighted down with the burdens of the centuries, we could assume moral leadership in the world.

I want to read just a few more lines from Woodrow Wilson. He delivered this address to newly naturalized citizens, and I don't know of a word that is more timely than this of the great departed.

"My urgent advice to you would be, not only in ways to think first of America, but always also to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not jealously and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift, and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves, or in the person of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make and see finer things than they had seen before, to get rid of the things that divide, and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident, no doubt, that this great country was called the United States, yet, I am very thankful it has that word "United" in the title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest, in this great Union, is striking at its very heart."

Ah! That has the ring, the authoritative ring of America in it. That is the voice of Lincoln. That is the voice of Washington speaking. That is the voice of the ages, and if America is to resume its place of leadership, if we are to continue that tradition which Wilson established for all time on the continent of Europe, if we are to be a moral inspiration to mankind, it must be on the basis of

this: not of the past, but of the future; not of race, but of soul; not of blood, but of ideals; not of prejudices, but of sympathies; not of hate but of love.

That was his dream; a great dream, a dream for all time and for all mankind. That, I believe, is his third great contribution, not to America alone, but to mankind.

Woodrow Wilson is dead, and a people stands sorrowful and laden with grief before his newly covered grave. But I think not altogether in sorrow and in grief. There is much of gratitude in our hearts. We are grateful to a kind Providence that in the hour of darkness, when this nation was sorely tried, such a man was given unto us—a man of clear vision, of steadfast faith, of great loyalty.

We are grateful that this nation was able to put forth in the hour of its greatest need, in the hour of darkness and danger, a man of his spiritual magnitude.

God was good to us, God was good to mankind in having given us Woodrow Wilson!



A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO WOODROW WILSON

Sermon, The Temple
February 10, 1924



Woodrow Wilson

2/10/24

Wilson

On Wednesday last, on a bleak wintry afternoon, a mournful procession followed all that was mortal of Woodrow Wilson to its last resting place. A simple funeral chant marked the close of the earthly career of one whose active ^{work} ~~career~~ ended more than three years ago, ^{That was} ~~when a broken man~~ ^{he} returned to the White House, ^{a broken man after} ~~from~~ a tour of the country, during which ~~this man~~ ^{he} made his last magnificent appeal for those ideals whose supreme spokesman ~~and champion~~ he was.

After eight turbulent years Woodrow Wilson is at rest now. And what man is more deserving of rest? Destiny took ^{him} ~~this man~~ from the quiet halls of study and threw him, without much preparation for the fray, into the very maelstrom of political life, ~~and~~ into the ~~very~~ vortex of the greatest upheaval known to mankind.

Woodrow Wilson was a sensitive man, a man of delicate intellectual refinements, ~~and~~ ~~He~~ was ~~therefore~~ quick to be hurt ~~and hurt to the quick~~, where other men ~~were calloused~~, more accustomed to the rough and tumble of political life, would have been ~~left~~ untouched and unmoved. Not ~~alone~~ ^{only} did the events of these tremendous years try him ~~seriously~~, but his very sensitiveness, ^{his} ~~the~~ peculiar constitution ~~of the man, his~~ ^{and} temperament, made these tribulations which were visited upon him doubly trying. ~~And so~~ ~~Now~~ after life's fitful fever he sleeps ~~well~~ among the soldiers whom

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convince the rest of the world, but die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul." Die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul. And If any man tried, Woodrow Wilson tried; and if any man refused to sell his soul, ^{it was} Woodrow Wilson, ~~refused to sell his soul.~~ After all, what more can a man do than try? ~~A man can end his own life. He cannot end the lives and the thoughts and the actions of other men, certainly not of the whole world.~~ A man cannot move very far beyond the average moral grasp and judgment of ^{those} ~~the masses~~ about him. But that is no reason why a man should not try the impossible. "Thine is not the duty to complete the task. But neither art thou free to desist from it."

The fact that the task is colossal, seemingly impossible, is no excuse why you should not attempt the impossible. ~~Such~~ A man who does not measure the success of his work by the degree of popularity, ~~[by how much he succeeded in convincing his fellowmen, such a man who does not cater to popularity or to the whims and the moods and the ideas of the hour or the moment, but who leaves his soul to something that is abiding and lasting.]~~ ^{but} ~~who~~ identifies his destiny with some supreme purpose which is not transitory, ~~which is not passing,~~ but which endures as long as man endures, such a man may well be content to leave the verdict concerning his life's effort to posterity. ~~And~~ This Wilson knew full well.

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